

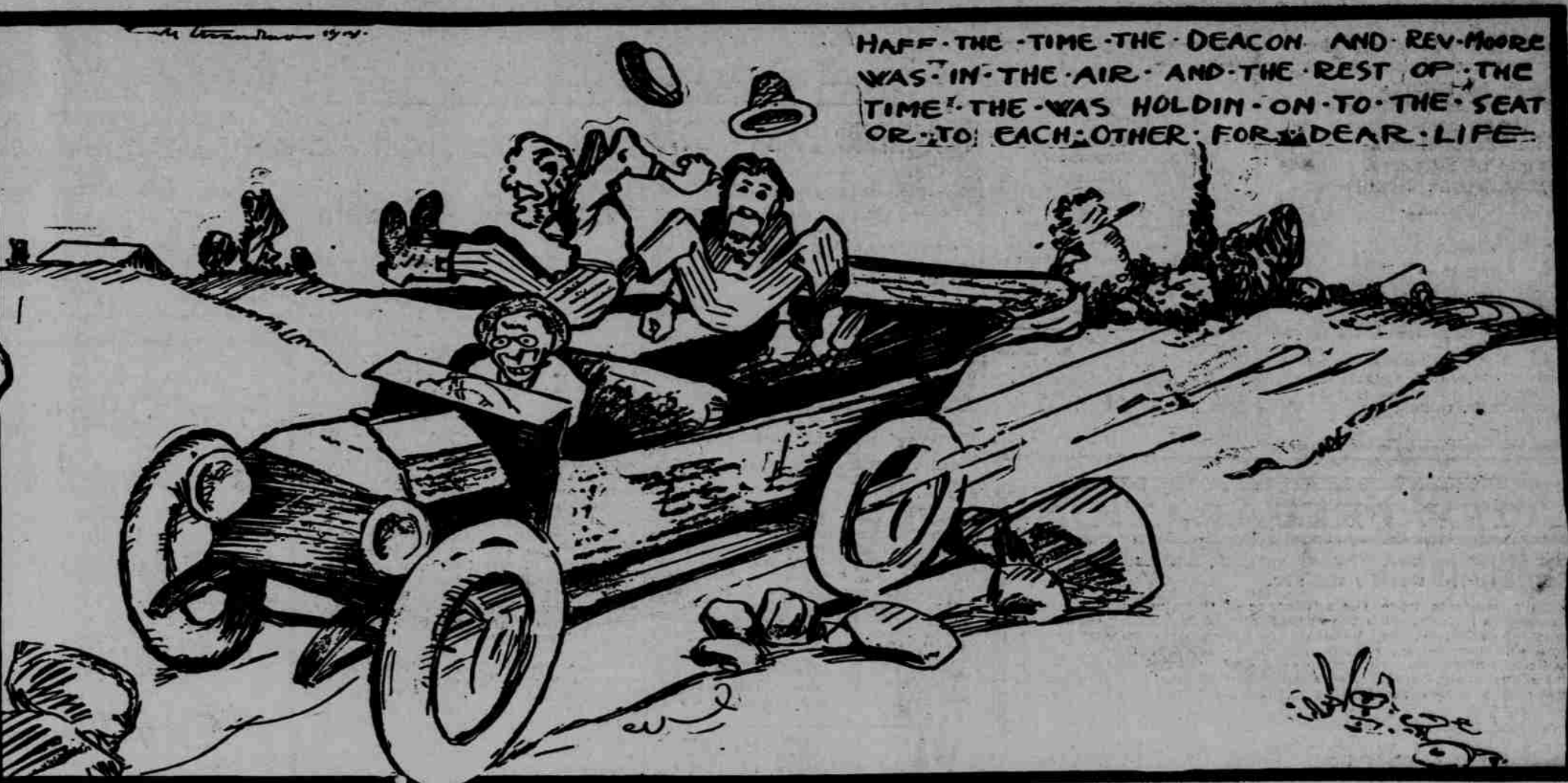
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# BINGVILLE BUGLE

BY NEWTON NEWBIRE

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DON'T BE A TIDEWAD ! !  
Pay up your back subscription to the Bugle & then fill a long-felt want on our part. We Can't Run a First Class Newspaper on Flat Air and Cold Potatoes.  
P. S.—If we are not in love the money with our wife next door.



**THE BINGVILLE BUGLE**  
The Leading Paper of the County  
Bright, Breezy, Bollicious, Bustling

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Improve each shining hour—  
By gathering honey all the day  
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The cheapest advertising medium in the county. If you believe in advertising, come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

**WAR EDDYTORIUL**  
Tother day when Eph Higgins our accommodating P. M. sorted the mail from the co seat he come across what looked like a newspaper which had been sent to Bingville by mistake. It was addressed to Levi Crandall whoever he is Hickory Ridge P. O. which is away down in the southern end of the co.

Eph was kind of curus to see what for kind of a newspaper it was so ruthern bother sending it on to Levi he jest tore off the rapper and when he seen that it was a copy of a city newspaper Eph was a good cal elated being as it aint everyday that us folks in Bingville gits a chanst to read a city newspaper and thus learn first hand what is a going on in the outside world as you might say.

Eph wiped the dust off his specs and set down outside the P. O. in the shade to read the paper and about a haff a hour later he come rushin into the Boogle offis all outen breth with the paper in one hand and pointing to something he had saw in it with the other he gasps, "Jest read that, will you!"

We tuk the paper and there sure enuff right in black and white there was a reference to war betwixt the U. S. & Mexico whitch it seems has been a going on now for several wks and most over at this writing.

It will be a turrible surprise to Bingville folks to learn that there has been war betwixt us and another nashion that us folks here in Bingville didnt know nothink about, but praps that is jest as well becuz if we had knowd it when hostilities begin us men folks would probably all of deserted our homes and firesides and went to the front to save our country and got all shot up and mutilated like as not.

We couldn't quite make out what the war was about but persoom it must of been for some good reason or tother or else it would not of been declared. Old Dad Henderson who fit and bled in the sivil war and has a wood leg to show for it (if he aint went and tuk it off and lost it somewhere like he is allus doing) soon as we told him that there was war in Mexico wanted to know where in thunder-ashion Mexico was ennyhow, but

nobuddy seemd to know hereabouts. Jed Peters our intelligent school teacher said he thort Mexico was a island somewhere near the equator but he wassent shure.

Then Dad said if it wassent too fur he kalkilated hed start next day and walk to the front wood leg and all and offer his services in puttin down the war. After that Dad pegged home to scour up his old army musket and grease the jints of it so as he can pull the trigger of the blamed thing off without sprainting his wrist.

If ennybuddy else happens to git enny further news about this war we will take it as a great favor if they will let us know so we can tell our subscribers about it.

**IF YOU DESIRE TO KEEP POSTED ON THE LATEST WAR NEWS READ THE BUGLE!**

**Personal Jotzings**  
These be turrible sticky days say we and we persoom we voice the general sentiment of Bingville folks when we say that the sooner these dogdays is over the quicker.

Shadrach Miller says he never seen the flies stick to a persons bald head when they have their hat off quite so close as they do this month. As a result Shad wears his pot hat down over his head most all the time. His wife says he dont even take it off when he eats his meals and Shad says he'll continue to wear his hat to bed until he can find time to put screens in the winders. Shad should of tuk time by the forelock and put in screens before flies got so thick, but then he's allus behindhand with his work.

Little Tommy Barker ernt 10 cents doing urnds one day last wk and invested it all in peanut candy down to Hen Weathersbys store, then set down and et it all up at one setting and was turrible sick to his stummick as a result. Mrs. Barker says Hen ort to have more sents than to sell a child 10 cts worth of peanut candy all in one lump but Hen says he aint in business for his health but for all the dimes and nickels he can rake and scrape and if patrons ete too much peanut candy that aint his fault.

Bud Hinckley who aint quite right in his head tied a paint can haff full of red paint to Lem Browns "Towser" dog's tail tother day and the dog run home and around through the house spilling red paint all over the place. Mrs. Brown was turrible mad and went over and told Mrs. Hinckley what she thort of her. Then Mrs. Hinckley told Mrs. Brown what she thort of her too after which Mrs. Brown went home in disgust.

Jabe Tuckers old cow Spot has a vishious habit of switching her tail in a vilent manner when Jabe is millin her. She switches Jabe's hat off his head and her tail gits in his eyes and raps around his neck and hes got turrible sick of it so tother night before he milkd Spot Jabe tied her tail to one of her hind legs (whitch one we did not lern) and Jabe said he had to laff being as Spot switched her tail so hard she like to of broke her leg. Jabe says he kalkilates hes solved the problem and shouldnt wonder if hed get the idee patented.

**Close Shave**  
That's What Rev. Saml Moore, Our Beloved Pastor & Deacon Andrews Had by Trusting Themselves in the Hands of a Stranger—Let This Be a Warning to All!

Last Thursday morning a stranger whose name we did not lern while passing through Bingville in a big ottymobile had somethink to happen to one of his tires whitch he called a punkshure right in front of the parsonage where Rev. Saml Moore our beloved pastor resides, so the feller stopped the masheen and begin to tink with it.

Rev. Moore diddnt know he was around until he heard a stream of perfanity whitch come in through the window into the parsons study where he was preparing his next Sunday sermon and so Rev. Moore went out in front of the house to see who was using sich unseemly language and told the feller that he ort not to talk like that and thus place his preashious sole in jepperry or words to that effect. When the stranger lerned that Rev. Moore was a minister of the gospel he let up on the swearing a good cal and explained that he wouldnt of swore so wicked except he was in a hurry save the time to have a tire punkshure on him was most more than he could stand.

Bye and bye Deacon Andrews who is also a staunch pillar in the church come along and him and Rev. Moore set down in the shade under a tree and watched the feller tink with the masheen and give him their moral support as it were. When the feller got the ottymobile fixed he stood up and looked at Rev. Moore and the Deacon and says, "What town is this or is it a town?" Then Rev. Moore speaks up and says yes it is a town named Bingville. Then the stranger says, "Did you two Hicks ever ride in a burr-wagon?"

Deacon Andrews says, "Youve got our names wrong. Misters—our names aint Hicks. Im Deacon Andrews and this is Rev. Moore the pastor of our church—the Hickses lives two miles west." Then the feller laffed and asked em if theyd like to have a ride in the ottymobile and they both said they would being as they hadnt never been in one afore so they climb in.

What follers simply beggars description. That feller turned on somethink and the masheen started down through town so fast it couldnt scarcely be saw by the human eye. Rev. Moore leaned over and told the feller he kalkilated that was fast enuff, but the feller jest laffed and made it go faster. When the wheels struck a culvert in front of Hen Weathersbys store the Deacon and Rev. Moore was bounced clean into the air and landed on the seat agin so hard that they thort their back bones had went up through their hats both of whitch was knocked off their heads and lit in the road benint.

By this time the Deacon and Rev. Moore was turrible acart and their eyes bugged out like a beetles. Haff the time they was in the air and the rest of the time they was holdin on to the seat or to each other for dear life.

Finally Deacon Andrews begin to git hot under the collar and he yeld to the stranger, "You stop this dingbusted contraption and let me out, dod-gast you, or Ill give you a drubbin!" The stranger jest looked back and laffed and then went fastern ever. Then Deacon Andrews lost his temper and begin to swear at the man who was makin the car go so fast. The language the Deacon used was awful to listen to especially coming from a Deacon in the church. Then the parson hollered at Deacon, "Do not swear, Brother, es-

pecially when you be in the valley of the shadder like we be! Let us not swear—let us pray!"

"Prayin wont do no good with this loonatic!" yells the Deacon. "Im a going to jump!" and jump the Deacon did. He jumped jest as the ottymobile was passing over Snake Crick bridge and it in 6 feet of water—15 ft below with a awful splash and when he was a going down for the last time his feet tetchted bottom and he waded ashore.

Rev. Moore diddnt jump until the car had slowed down going up Teck Hill, then with a petiahion on his lips he sprung outen the cussed vehickel and lit in the soft dust of the road on his head and shoulders but fortunate no bones was broke although Rev. Moore was considerable skun up and contosed. By the time Rev. Moore had walked back to the bridge the Deacon joined him in the road. After they had congratulated each other on being alive the snuk back into Bingville to their respective homes the back way and they aint said much about the occurrence sinat.

Let this be a warning not to take up too free with strangers who you dont know nothink about—they may be wolfs in sheeps clothing.

**Lokal Brevities**  
Samantha Deever is still on the sick list as usual. Its been so meny yrs that Samantha has been on the sick list that weve lost all track of it. Samantha says she expects to remain on the sick list until fall ennyhow and then when cool wether comes she may perk up somewhat, but cant promise shure.

Miss Sadie Crimmins of the co. seat is the gest of her neice Miss Sally Hoskins. Miss Sadie is quite a belle at the co. seat and quite a scoshel leader. The Bingville boys has been paying a good cal of attention to Sadie aint she has been in town and as a result Miss Amelia Tucker our raining sossiety leader has kind of been left in the background for the time being as you might say. It is said that Amelia feels it keenly too and has stated that she dont care to meet sich a brazen thing as Miss Crimmins is.

Little Johnnie Skinner is home on a vacation from Hardscrabble where he holds a lucrative position of driving a team. Johnnie has lerned to smoke seggars and dresses in the latest style. He wears a Panamaw hat that he says cost \$2 alone.

Hen Weathersby closed up his store last Tuesday afternoon whitch you remember was so hot and went home in disgust and laid in the hammock the rest of the day. Hen says there is never much mercantile business to transact in the store on a hot day like that. Be that as it may we know of one customer Hen lost. Hank Simmons walked all the way from Snake Bend to buy a plug of tobacco often Hen and when he found the store closed he started off afoot for Hardscrabble, nine miles west, and said with a oath that Hen Weathersby wouldnt never get no more of his trade.

**Blueberries Thicken Hops**  
Then as have been blueberrying on Sawdigg Mountain north of Bingville reports that blueberries is thickens hops. This will be cheerin news to them as likes blueberries. Hod Perkins and his two boys went onto the mountain last Saturday and come back with 9 gals of blueberries amongst em. Hod says he never seen the seat for blueberries and that some of em is as big as marbles.

This news of blueberries being so thick has spread all over Bingville and as a result a large number of our best citizens and citizenesses armed with pails and baskets may be seen on the mountain enny day picking this delishus fruit. A good meny blueberries is being canned in our midst and will go turrible good next winter in pies or simply as sauce or jam to spread on your bread for instance.

**Country Correspondence**  
**ZION CROSSROADS**  
Eb Hoover while puttering around in his garden tother day after the rain picked up a Injun arrowhead whitch looked as if it had jest been dropped. Sinat then Eb has greased up his old shot gun and has been lockin the doors nights. He says he aint slep very well either and that if enny dadblame Injuns come prowl in around during the nights he'll shoot the daylight outen em.

Folks is turrible healthy in our midst at present. In fact we dont know of enny person who is at present on the sick list. We regard this as almost a coincidence as you might say.

Bill Hendricks has been mislead his hens lately. Bill thort it was a skunk and set a steel trap in the henhouse for same. Sat night Mrs. Hendricks went out to the henhouse to git a pullet offen the roost for Sunday dinner. She was in her stockin feet and steped into the trap. She hollered and yeld and caused quite a commoshion until Bill run out and helped her outen the trap. Mrs. Hendricks had a couple of toes pinched considerable.

Lafe Hendersons old black cow per-sented him with a white calf last wk. Lafe says it seems almost ridiculus for a black cow to have a white calf in his opinion.

VERITAS.

**Do You Want Hydrofoby**  
This is to ask you if you want hydrofoby? Praps you dont know what hydrofoby is. Well lissen: When a dog bites you during dogdays you are liable to be tuk suddint with hydrofoby and if you are, goodby John! Thats what hydrofoby is. It dont do no partickler harm to go and get bit by a dog when it aint dogdays, but if this happens to you during the month of August then look out, or youre a goner!

This is dogdays now and you ort not to take enny chanst of havin hydrofoby unless you can help it. Let me help it for you. Tother day I happend to think why wouldnt it be a good scheme sinat business is awful dull in the cobbling line for me to make up a lot of lether muzzles for dogs to put over their noses so that they cant bite so promiscuously, and so I went and done it and now I have 15 of these lether muzzles on hand whitch will fit most enny dog in Bingville, being as they can be made bigger or smaller according to the size of the dog by the straps and buckles I have put on em.

These muzzles I only ask 50 cts each apiece for whitch is dirt cheep considering what they will prevent. Would you ruther have hydrofoby than to pay me 50 cts for a dog muzzle? Allright then, go ahead and have it!

Yours for dog muzzles,  
**ENOS BARCLAY**  
Cobbler  
Bingville